

Sick

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Sick by NerdysNova

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Angst with a Happy Ending, Eddie has tiny crushes on everyone, F/M, Fluffy Ending, Homophobia, M/M, Mrs. K is emotionally abusive, Period-Typical Homophobia, Twisted and Fluffy Feelings, it's not really angst, it's just kind of sad

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stan Uris, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough & Eddie Kaspbrak, Eddie Kaspbrak & Ben Hanscom, Eddie Kaspbrak & Mike Hanlon, Eddie Kaspbrak - Relationship, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris & Eddie Kaspbrak

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Summary:

Mrs. kaspbrak always knew her son was sick. Her first sign was the drawing.

Aka Eddie is confused by the fluttering he feels around Richie (and other boys ... but mostly Richie)

Rated for Language

Sick

Author's Note:

I don't use any slurs (correction: the f slur is used 1 time at the very end) but throughout the work Eddie's sexuality is referred to as "sick"

Enjoy :)

Mrs Kaspbrak always knew her little boy was sick. Her first sign was the drawing.

"Wow, sugar. This is so good." She dried her hands before gingerly picking up the drawing. The lines were messy and the shapes unclear, but this was to be expected. Eddie was only four.

She pointed at the figure on the left.

"Who's this?" She asked.

"That's a knight. Like from the stories." He grinned at her.

Her son was a very well read preschooler.

"And that's the one he's rescuing." He pointed to a figure who was holding hands with the so called knight.

"Why's the princess's hair so short?" Mrs Kaspbrak had asked with a smile.

She figured the crayon had broke.

Eddie began to laugh.

He laughed and laughed as if she'd just told the funniest joke.

"Mommy that's not a princess!"

"No? Then who is it!"

"That's a handsome prince. And he and the knight kiss and live happily ever after."

Eddie hasn't understood that saying this would bring out the worst in his mother, but it did.

She tore the picture and told him to go to his room.

She called the doctor.

"You're sick." She had whispered running a hand through his hair.
"You're sick, but we're going to make you better."

*

Eddie first realized he truly was sick when he was seven.

Bill Denbrough had just ruffled his hair and promised to call him.

Eddie suddenly felt sick to his stomach.

As he watched Bill bike away, Eddie's heart decided to go running,
and his brain took a vacation.

What was happening to him?

Why were his palms all sweaty?

Surely it was some sort of plague.

Surely he was dying.

Surely this was not good.... but if it wasn't good... then why did he
kind of like it?

*

Eventually the feelings for Bill stopped.

That didn't mean the feelings stopped.

If anything they got stronger.

As Richie shook his sopping wet mop of black hair, Eddie felt his
mouth go dry. Droplets clung to his hair as Richie laughed and
splashed at Bill.

Eddie tried to convince himself that there was nothing wrong with
noticing things.

He noticed plenty of things.

He noticed how strong Mike was, he noticed how adorable Ben's
giggle was, and he noticed that when Stan smiled, everyone smiled
with him.

He noticed that when Bill didn't stutter for an entire sentence a look
of pride would wash over his face.

Eddie just noticed Richie a lot.

He noticed Richie's freckles seemed to ripple across his face when he
laughed.

He noticed that Richie's tongue would kind of poke through his slightly crooked teeth when he grinned.
He looked to the left when he was joking to cover something up.
When he was nervous he'd bite the inside of his cheek.
When he was sad he'd pick at the hem of his shirt.
He had a smile reserved specifically for Eddie.

At least it seemed like he did.

Eddie knew that he was only thinking wishfully. Eddie knew that all the noticing was wrong.
Eddie knew he was sick.

"Hey, Eds. You coming?" Richie called.

Eddie's chest squirmed hotly.

"I'll be there, in a sec." He mumbled. Eddie popped a pill. He was sick, but he would get better.

*

"Let's play spin the bottle." Bev suggested, giggling tipsily.

It was Eddie's fifteenth birthday, and Beverly had decided that was old enough for him to be introduced to the world of alcohol.
Eddie had begrudgingly accept one rum and coke but refused anything else. He had a light buzz but not much else, he didn't really like it.

Beverly on the other hand was working on her third (or was it fourth) drink, with most of the others not too far behind.

They were sitting in the barrens and Beverly was holding an empty bottle in her hands.

"That'd be weird...." Eddie said. His friends all turned to look at him.

"I mean we'd only have a 1/6 chance." He explained.

"We all know Ben would happily gamble with that fate." Richie grinned.

The losers all chuckled and Ben turned a faint shade of red. Beverly kissed his cheek which turned him a proper shade of pink.

"It'll be fun." She said placing the bottle down. "Who wants to go

first?" She asked.

"I-I'll go." Bill shrugged, giving the bottle a hard spin. It spun around twice before finally halting on Mike. Mike squeezed his eyes shut and puckered his lips. Bill did the same and gave him a quick peck before pulling away quickly.

Eddie stared in shock at his friends.

Mike began to giggle and Bill followed suit.

Were they sick now too?

They didn't seem sick.

"I guess it's my turn." Mike spun the bottle and it landed on Ben.

Mike sighed and quickly pressed his lips against Ben's in a hard line.

Ben chuckled. "That was weird."

Yes.

Yes it was weird.

But no one was reacting as they should be.

Ben spun the bottle and it landed on Beverly.

The losers cheered.

Beverly tenderly took Ben's face in her hands and pressed a gentle kiss unto Ben.

He looked as if he could pass out.

Beverly spun and it landed on Eddie. Eddie felt a surge of relief when he realized he wouldn't have to kiss anyone else.

His heart hammered in his chest as Beverly leaned in.

She pressed her lips to his and.... it was weird.

It was weird.

It was so weird.

She smelled too flowery.

Her lips were too soft and tasted too fruity.

It wasn't just weird, it was.... unpleasant.

He pulled away as soon as he deemed possible and wiped his mouth.

Beverly pretended to be deeply wounded.

"Sorry." He shrugged embarrassed. Beverly locked eyes with him and quirked an eyebrow.

What was wrong with him?

Eddie felt himself flush.

"Ooh! New idea kiddies-" Richie suddenly shouted and the moment was forgotten.

*

Richie and Beverly were wonderful actors.

Perhaps they were too good.

Perhaps the longing look Richie was giving her was real.

Perhaps the way Beverly's breath hitched wasn't simply for show.

As Eddie watched the scene unfold from the audience he felt something new squirming in his chest.

This wasn't like the other being that grew inside him whenever Richie pinched Eddie's cheeks.

This one was angry, and it took all of Eddie's willpower to not allow it to force Eddie onto the stage.

The thing wanted to push Beverly away from Richie, to loudly proclaim something.

He didn't even know what.

Eddie reached for his inhaler, he triggered it once. The tightness in his chest didn't loosen.

He was sick.

He was so sick.

He tried to tell himself that he was jealous of Richie.

He tried to tell himself that he just didn't want any of his friends to kiss.

He knew those were lies.

He was sick.

He was so sick.

He was so so-

His thoughts went blank as Richie's lips connected with Beverly's.

His chest burned and his throat stung.

"Sick." Eddie mumbled as an excuse rushing out of the auditorium.

*

Eddie was staring at his ceiling.

He couldn't fall asleep.

Every time he closed his eyes he would think of lepers and sickness.

He hadn't had nightmares like this in a while, but this one was different.

When the leper caught up to him—because it always caught up to him—Instead of simply touching him and sending him into an abyss of pain, the leper began to tremble.

Rotting skin peeled away to reveal a young face.

"Shh. Hey, Eds. Don't be so shy. You know you want to." It had whispered.

Standing there was Richie Tozier.

No, a horrible imitation of Richie Tozier.

But still-

Eddie hadn't argued when the thing—The thing pretending to be his best friend—had kissed him.

It had been like heaven, it had been perfect. Richie pulled him closer deepening the kiss, his tongue slid across the bottom of Eddie's lips, asking for entry, and Eddie hadn't argued...but suddenly the kiss was rough and the lips were ice cold.

The skin felt bumpy and slimy, and when Eddie opened his eyes it was the leper once more.

It was at him.

Mocking him.

"You're sick too, Eds." The thing said, in Richie's voice.

"Sick just like me."

*

Eddie couldn't quite remember how they'd gotten to be alone.

The sun was going down.

Eddie's mom was going to kill him, but Eddie turned to Richie.

Richie was smiling as he rambled about something, and Eddie decided he didn't care too much about his mom for now.

"Has something been wrong..lately?" Richie asked, his voice suddenly serious.

"What?" Eddie heard his voice crack and he felt his cheeks heat up. Richie seemingly debated making a joke but decided to pass on the opportunity.

He shrugged. "I don't know... it just seems like you've been avoiding me lately."

Eddie couldn't deny it.

He had decided he was allergic to Richie.

It hadn't helped much but he supposed he hadn't given the treatment enough time.

Eddie shook his head. "I've just been...busy." He breathed.

Richie met his eyes and he remembered why he'd been avoiding him.

Richie looked at him and a garden bloomed in his chest.

Daisies sprung in his lungs.

Roses bloomed in his heart.

Ivy grew over his ribs tickling his chest and giving everything a fluttery feeling.

Eddie was afraid that if he dared to speak he would cough up cherry blossoms.

"Busy?" Richie asked with an eyebrow raised.

Eddie suddenly realized how close they were.

He could feel Richie's breath on his lips, he could count every freckle on Richie's face.

And Richie was "beautiful..." he breathed.

Richie smirked.

"That's exactly what I called your mom last night."

And just like that the spell was broken.

Eddie was half relieved that Richie had ruined the moment, and half utterly disappointed. He began to turn away.

"Wait." Richie grabbed his arm.

Eddie felt his heart leap.

"I- um- I like hanging out with you.. um.. alone." Richie's usual bravado was suddenly gone.

"I like hanging out with you too." Eddie smiled.

"Eddie?"

"Richie?"

"I like you.... a lot."

He couldn't possibly mean.... no.

"You too, Rich."

"No I mean like... I really like you. Like, I like you so much that my hands shake when I even think about holding your hand, I like you so much that-"

This was sick.

It was sick.

"I like you too, Richie."

Eddie was so sick.

*

"Wait just let me explain!" Richie called.

"There's nothing to explain." Eddie said hastily collecting his books. He tried to ignore the tears blurring his vision.

This was irrational.

This was so stupid.

This was sick.

This was so sick.

"Eddie."

"Go away," Eddie said plainly. He picked up his bag and tried to run out.

"Stop running from me!" Richie grabbed Eddie by the waist and spun him around.

"What the fuck, man? Get off of me!"

"We have to talk about this!" Richie yelled.

"What's there to talk about?!" Eddie's face was steely cold but his voice was trembling with fear and sadness.

Richie had told Eddie that he liked him.
Richie had said that he liked Eddie.
Richie had confessed to being sick.
Eddie had confessed to being sick right back.
Maybe Richie had been cured.
Maybe that was the explanation.

"You and Bev are an item. You're happy together and I'm happy for you!"

That was a lie.
Everything he'd ever told himself was a lie.

"We're not a thing, Eddie!"
"Then what the fuck was that in there?!" Eddie asked pointing to the broom closet where he had walked in on Beverly and Richie.
Her hands were in Richie's hair, and his hands were on her waist, and suddenly the monster from the play was back in Eddie's stomach.

"Practice!" Richie ran a hand through his hair.
Eddie scoffed in disbelief.
"Practice for what?!"
"For this!"

Suddenly Richie's lips were on Eddie's.
This was nothing like the dreams.
This was so much better, because it was real.

It was so real.
Richie's hands were clammy.
His lips tasted like bubblegum cigarettes.

Richie pulled away as quickly as he had moved forward and before Eddie knew what he was doing, he was following him forward, Eddie's lips seeking Richie's once more.

He could hear his mother's voice.

"This is sick, young man."
"Fags go to hell!"
"No son of mine will go to hell!"

"Why do you want to be a bad boy, Eddie? Why do you want to hurt mommy?"

Richie pulled away slowly.

"Wow." He breathed—speechless.

Eddie stared at Richie's awestruck face for a few long seconds.

I'm sick.

Then, Eddie broke into a grin, and began to giggle. Richie looked confused but soon began to giggle too.

The two boys stood in an empty school hallway, foreheads touching, giggling like idiots.

I'm sick, and it's wonderful.

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading!!!

Leave feedback and/or requests please. I thrive off of them. <3